

Game world

by Ladies of Fire and Ice

Category: Halo

Genre: Adventure, Humor

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2006-11-02 22:08:43

Updated: 2006-11-02 22:08:43

Packaged: 2016-04-27 01:29:23

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 4,349

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Okay so people love Halo, we all know it. But if you're stuck in it it's isn't fun. Trapped in the Halo game world the Master Chief has to put up with three other 'gamersSpartans' that are also stuck as well as beating the said 'game world.' All fun
glitc

Game world

****Chapter One: You think we ask for this? Yeah right!****

Max had been having a very bad day.

Come to think about it she hadn't been having a good week or so. She and two others, James and her brother Rich, had found themselves stuck in a place that should have been just a game on the X-box.

But noooo, it didn't stay just a game like it was supposed to. So now the three had been stuck on the ring world HALO, as Spartans, in the middle of a war. Not to mention all the fun glitches were here tooâ€¦ (actually, those were fun.)

At the moment Max was trying her darneest not to breath too deeply and she waited for her friends to come back with a med pack. She had had a rather nasty encounter with a Hunter pair not too long ago. So now here she was, lying in the sand on the beach of the level 'The Silent Cartographer' with bungled legs and being glad that the Covenant never came out this way.

Life was just peachy wasn't it?

Well, thank God for respawning if she did bleed to death out here. At least she would have full health and ammo as well as being transported to the others if she did. Too bad she had all this armor on or she'd be getting a really nice tan.

Walking silently, on high alert from just taking out a few Elites and

their Jackals, the luminescent-olive-clad figure came out of the sea mists, rifle barrel swinging left and right as he went down the beach, checking his six on his radar frequently.

Shadow!

Spinning, then stalking closer, the hulking human stood above . . . one of his own. A Spartan. But he was the only one on this mission . . . there were no others within three weeks' travel in Slip Space. He stared down at the other curiously.

Some sound snapped Max out of the light sleep she had slipped into. Her head jerked up, but she regretted it a second later. Hissing at the pain the blue colored Spartan tried again to lift her head but couldn't. Max hated not being able to see what was around her.

She activated her comm. and did her best to whistle those notes that she, James and Rich had agreed to use, base on what they had read in the three Halo books back in their world. Only problem was that Max couldn't really whistle all that good.

"_Fffft. Ffffeet_...ah to hell with it. Ollie, Ollie Oxen Free!"

A low, gravelly voice was slow in responding. ". . . you're too young to be one of mine." Standing above her, the Master Chief flipped open the golden polarizer blast shield, revealing her some what bloody face beneath the clear glass. He frowned, but crouched over her head, looking left, right, and all around before saying, "Name and rank."

Max winced at the light, "Max...I'm second in command of...the SpartanIII's... what's left of us..." The woman coughed, tasting blood and wasn't sure if it dribble down from the cut on her face of if she had coughed it up. She half laughed as she saw the irony of what she'd just said, "Literally three of us now."

Picking her up in a fireman's carry, he carried the near limp Spartan to a fallen and upside-down Pelican not too far from where she had been. Setting her down and rummaging a med-kit out he pulled her helmet off, catching her head before it could bang against the ground.

"Injuries?"

"...all over. Mostly the legs." Max tilted her head to the side to watch him. Then she perked up as she saw what the older Spartan had, "Is that a med-pack?"

"What else?" he replied rhetorically, tossing it out to land expertly by her side, fishing out two more while he was pushing through ammo boxes and discarded weaponry. Walking back in his customary lanky swagger, he opened the packs and pressed a clean bandage to her cheek. "Your arms work?"

"More or less." She lifted her left arm, fisting her hand lightly but the other one only twitched at the finger tips. She looked like she had been literally run over several times.

"Hold this on your face until it stops bleeding. Feel any bubbling in your lungs?" He began pulling the armor off her legs with swift and

sure moves, Cortana oddly silent within his mind.

"...little." Max said doing as she was told. "Not to seem rude but this...would go a hellava lot faster if you hand me that...light blue med pack, save this stuff for when we don't...have the other kind, OW!" Her right leg jerked as something that shouldn't have been poked was, in fact, poked.

"You've torn ligaments. And don't tell me which pack to use, kid."

"Trust me sir." Max tried again to lift her head but couldn't quite do it so she rested it in the sand. She had added 'sir' because she had an odd feeling that this Spartan wasn't like her and the other two stuck here... in fact, he could be...

Oh. My. God. Max almost went cross-eyed as she finally broke out of the haze of pain to realize that the person helping her was none other than the Master Chief himself.

Wait, what was he doing here?! As far as she and the other two Spartans had figured, they where in his place in the game. And since they were fully Spartans to everyone else in the game world, excluding Jix (their AI) that they had thought better then to ask what had happened to him. It would have looked very odd to say the lest. But what little they had gathered was from roomers flying around was that the Chief and Cortana were MIA back at Reach.

So what were they doing here?! Max knew she hadn't seen him on the Pillar of Autumn.

"Stop breathing so quickly, kid," John-117 said calmly, replacing the armor around her legs and manually locking them in place, pulling the chest piece of her armor off and setting it aside, fingers gently probing at the sides of her ribcage, testing each rib through the thin fabric of her shirt. He muttered more to himself than to her, even though her com was still on, "This would be ten times easier to investigate if you were a guy."

"Well, sorry I took after my mother." She made a face then slowly turned her head, which was easier then lifting it. Where was that blue pack...?

"Stop trying to move. What are you looking for?" Master Chief asked, prodding a lower rib a bit harder than he had the others, frowning.

Max hissed as he did, "For that damn blue pack."

"What in the seven hells has you obsessed about that pack?" came his growl as he reached behind him and picked it up. "You've got bruised ribs. Five of them. I'm figuring that you just bruised a lung, too. Not to mention the condition of you're legs."

Max reached for the pack with her good arm, her exposed green eyes looking up into the expressionless visor of the older green Spartan, "Trust me. Please sir." she said trying not to wince.

He handed it to her with a sigh of exasperation. "Fine."

As soon as she touched it something happened. As Max grabbed it a glow went from the pack down her arm and up her shoulder. The younger Spartan grinned as she let her hand drop so the pack cracked over her chest and the glow went all over her body, but it only lasted a moment and Max sat up when it was done, fully healed with the exception of a few scars here and there and some stiffness in her legs, but that could be worked off with some walking.

"God I love this Forerunner stuff!" The blue Spartan smiled as she was once again able to move her legs and both arms.

Grabbing the med-pack back, the older Spartan blinked at it, flipping it over and over, then looked at her. "What. Happened."

"Interesting," Cortana's voice said. "How does it work?"

"It's healed me." Max said reaching for her chest plate, "We haven't quite figured out HOW it works, other than if you're fragged up one way or another it'll fix you. I think Jix, our AI, said something about the Forerunners' hating beings, any kind of individuals, being in pain, so they made that stuff to help." She nodded at the pack, "Even if they aren't around anymore it's still very useful."

John HATED things that he couldn't explain. Especially stuff like this. "Cortana, shut up."

"Gee, YOU'RE on a roll today."

"You wanna walk home?"

". . . I'd prefer not."

"Don't look at me for help." the younger woman said picking up her helmet and snapping it into place, "I'm getting Jix when I meet up with the other two."

"Jix isn't in my databases of known UNSC-approved AIs," Cortana said warily. "And I update that database hourly."

"Well, we've all been stuck on this Ring World for some time." Max said picking up a rifle and ammo, "That and we're over four weeks of Slip Space time from any UNSC colonies."

John heard Cortana's private snarl of impatience before she spoke to the new kid while John re-upped his ammo count. "You assume that I'm one of the 'normal' AI. I've got more connections into the UNSC's information network than you and your two comrades have fingers and toes combined."

"...Who ever said Jix was normal?" Max sighed, "No, I'm not getting into another fight with an AI." She opened another comm. line as she reached up to close the golden blast shield. "Rich, this Max I'm back in action and might have some help, where are you two?"

"Max? Thank god you're alright!" A new voice said, he sounded relieved, "We couldn't get to a pack in the inside of the island sorry Sis."

"It's okay. Where's James?" Max took note that the older Spartan was

watching her.

"Here," another male voice said over the comm. "It's good you're up but get a Warthog and get over here too. Jix give her a NAV point."

"Got it." the blue Spartan said with a nod, even though she knew the others couldn't see. "Be right there, Max out."

"I don't think so," John grumbled, following after her when she started moving, putting the med-pack into a pouch on his belt and following her. "You kids will get yourselves killed here. You're green, all of you."

"We already have been killed, many times over." Max said with a grimace as she remembered the first few weeks her team had been here. Thank god that they could respawn.

". . . what?"

"You'll find out." she said not bothering to look back at the other.

"Yeah, when I knife the tires of that Warthog," Master Chief replied. "You aren't going nowhere until I get answers. And that's an order. I out-rank you, greenie."

"With all do respect sir," Max said turning around after stopping, "James never tells Jix to give a NAV point unless he's about to--" She was cut off by a flash of light and another, blown colored Spartan was standing in front of the woman.

"...crap." He said looking around and seeing where he was.

"...die..." Max finished. "I take it Rich will be here soon then."

"More then likely." the new Spartan's voice gave away that he was the James over the comm. line from before.

"I told you this would happen." An AI's voice said from the brown Spartan. "If you would please give me back to Max..."

"Gladly." James said, and he was indeed glad to get rid of the AI. It was only as he was handing the data crystal to his second that he saw the Master Chief. He recognized him quicker the Max had. "Sir?" he asked straitening. He shouldn't be here...

"What in HELL is going on?!" he roared, stalking closer. He looked from one to the other then spoke in his gravelly tones. "Nobody's going no where until I get my answers, got it, Greenie?"

"SIR!" the two said but the new AI snickered. At lest until Max hit the side of her helmet with a 'Shut up Jix.'

"You said there's a third," he snapped. "Where is he?"

"Should be here any minute now." James said, in awe at how the Master Chief could get obedience out of him and Max in an instant.

"Maybe," said blue Spartan added, "He's the luckiest fighting in tight corridors."

"Indeed." Jix said, a nod in his voice somehow. "I must admit I hadn't thought to see either you, John, or you Cortana. You were reported as MIA at Reach."

John was glaring from his helmet. "That's 'Master Chief' to you, kid. You don't have the authority to tell me to answer your questions. Not even Cortana has that authority."

"It was a statement not a question." Jix said, still from Max's comm.

"Sir we can't explain all that's going on, mostly because we only know half of it ourselves." The blue Spartan said. "The basics are that we're on an alien Ring world, Keys sent our team here to see why the Convenient want this place so much. The Captain himself is on his way to what might be a massive weapons cash."

"We need to get to the Map Room on this island to find a way to the Ring's Control Room." James said, more like building off of his partner instead of cutting her off, "What's before that is a bit more complicated and it'll take far too long to explain if we want to complete this mission."

Looking between them, he addressed things chronologically. "First off, Jix, I don't give a damn whether you were making a statement or not. You'll call me Master Chief, and I'm not answering you. Second off, I know all that, Greenie, kid." He looked between them, still not raising the golden shield from his face.

"...how?"

"You weren't on the Pillar of Autumn, we were the only Spartans."

The two younger Spartans looked at one another then turned back to the Master Chief for an answer. But he had paused at hearing that he hadn't been on the Pillar of Autumn. He clearly remembered being there, seeing Keys, getting Cortana off, the battles fought getting to the escape pod as well as after they had crashed, saving Marines and still more skirmishes with the Convenient.

And not once had he or Cortana for that matter, heard of three other Spartans, let alone a third generation of Spartans. Hell, the second generation was still in training!

What in the name of God was going on here?!

Growling, he pointed to all three. "Explain. Now. How you three are here. You're too young to be Spartan-Twos, too old to be Spartan-Threes. That AI is unregistered. Sparky appeared outta thin air. Kid thinks that's normal. And Greenie used a med-pack that I've never seen before."

The two younger Spartans looked at each other again, and if the AI had a form he would have shared the look.

"...This is going to take some time sir." Max said, "James here can explain fully about the Forerunner devise, but I have to go help my brother. Please." there was a familiar loyalty in her last words. A loyalty to someone who was not only her own, but a blood relative too.

"I will sir." James put in, "As best as I'm able to, but you must understand that even we don't know it all."

"Greenie, go get your brother safe," Master Chief ordered her. "Sparky, keep you're aft parked. Start explaining."

"Sir."

Max turned on her heal after giving him a nod and took a few long strides to an up side down Warthog. Getting a grip on the bumper she lifted and flipped it up right, showing the Master Chief that these three had the Spartan strength.

"Good luck James." Max said as she hopped in.

"You're going to need it." Jix added.

"Shut up Jix."

"You first Maxine."

"Call me that again and I'm tossing you and your data crystal into the sea."

"Hah! You need me--"

"Not with Cortana here."

"â€|I hate you, female."

"Love you too."

* * *

>Grunting at the kid, the MC shook his head. "Sparky. What's that respawn crap?"<p><p>

"Well, it's just that, we die we respawn near the others or a Check Point." James said, it had been a half an hour and he wished he could trade places with one of the siblings.

"But that goes against ALL the rules of physics and logic!!!" Cortana cried, genuinely baffled at the idea. "And--"

"Hold on," John said, stopping her mid-sentence. "Sparky, you're tellin' me that you die, and you come back to life?"

"Basically, yes." James nodded, "Though it hurts like hell both ways."

"It's impossible. It has to be."

"Cortana, you saw it for yourself."

"It just doesn't fit together right . . ."

"A lot of what we've seen doesn't fit together, like the glitches." The brown Spartan shook his head, "You adapt to it though. Might take a bit but you do."

". . . glitches?"

"Long story, and it's best to see them your self."

"Fine. Show me one."

"Err... There's none here right now sir."

"Then find one."

"...Inside the island sir."

"Let's go." He began walking towards the center of the island.

"Uh, this way sir." James pointed in the direction Max had gone, "We were taking out the Map Room's security systems first."

"You . . . what? Look, you snot-nosed brat, don't tell me where I'm going." He continued to go towards the cluster of trees. Smirking behind his blast shield, he said over their com, "Especially when I see Covenant ass I have to kick."

James lifted a hand to his face plate for a moment then lifted his rifle and followed the older Spartan.

God, this had been easier with just the three of them... at least they had a working 'rhythm' now.

Privately, Cortana said, "Chief, you're doing this just to annoy him."

"Yep. And what are you going to do about it?"

". . . heh. Encourage you."

The comm. line clicked again, but this time Rich, the only one of the three that the Master Chief hadn't met, all but yelled.

"James! Max! Where the Hell are you two?! I need some help down here!"

"Back up is on the way Rich," Jix voice drifted through, he sounded more professional and down-to-business like then before, "Max and I are almost there."

"I'm getting there as soon as I can." James put in, "Just hang in there."

"Easy for you to--" he was cut off by rapid-fire gun shorts, "...say..."

Pausing in his slaughter of a few simple Jackals, the Elite already dead under his boot, Chief asked, "Where are they?" then backhanded a final Jackal into a tree.

"At this point they'd be just inside the security structure, that's where Rich and I were before I was killed." James paused, "God, I hope they don't go inside as is."

"Bring me there. Now!"

"This way." The brown Spartan said taking the lead, lifting his rifle up once again. John followed, gun at the ready, grimly looking forward to seeing how the three fought as a team.

Even if they weren't real Spartans.

Half way there, where an odd looking gray structure with no doors came out of, as was as apart of the ground, James abruptly turned right to where a cluster of Covenant 'boxes' sat. There were about four glowing red cubes. The young man didn't stop, just stomped down on one with a foot, his shields flashed red then white and returned to normal.

"Over shield." James said before the other could say anything as he started inland once again, "Get one if you want, there's a ton of Hunter pairs running around here."

Doing as the younger man had been doing, John followed silently, his movements that bit more sure and swift. Cortana was mapping the area around them, warning him of things that he wouldn't have otherwise cared about.

James stopped before ducking behind a large rock, "Figures she'd run from Hunters." James muttered, he looked behind him at the Master Chief then pointed at a Hunter pair that hadn't seen them yet. They were much, much larger then the ones in his world and had longer spines as well. They looked a lot harder to kill too.

Smirking the Chief un-slung a rocket launcher from his back, "Run up straight between them. Plasma grenade to the orange area on their back or use the pistol on 'em. I'll try not to hit you."

"Gee, thanks." James grumbled but rounded the bolder and took off in a dead run, faster then the older Spartan would have thought. He passed just to the left of the pair, making one turn and start to fallow. The Hunter raised its broad shield and tried to bring it down on the human's head, but James was faster. Ducking to his right the brown Spartan let the Hunter pass and opened fire at its exposed back. Then he beat it over the now dead alien so the other wouldn't kill him as it roared.

A rocket blew the alien's torso to smithereens, and John stood up from behind the rock. "Let's go."

"...cool." James smiled to himself, he and the others had always fired at the Hunters' feet if the had any rockets handy. Making a note that they didn't always have to do that, the young man pointed the way as he headed off to it.

Slinging the launcher behind his back again, the older man paced behind the younger, eyes on the lookout for all kinds of trouble.

Max came into view. She had her back to a small alcove in the rock wall. She snapped around lifting a pistol but stopped herself from firing as she saw who it was. A plasma shot washed over her shoulder and the blue Spartan turned again, this time firing at will. Well, two shots and two Grunts fell.

"Don't even say it Jix!" Max said giving her helmet a half whack as she glanced at the two new comers again.

"Stop annoying my sister!" Rich said from within the alcove, "It's my job. hey is that James? Dose he have a med-pack?"

"Not quite kid." The Master Chief's large frame came into sight and the elder Spartan looked down at the other green one who was crouched, favoring a blood stand leg.

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Icy's note: Now before those pitch forks and plasma swords come out let me say a few things. 1.) Neither Sinead nor I own Halo expect for our respected games (the sibling and James do belong to me though). 2.) This is in an AU world that's between our world and the 'real' Halo universe, thus it's going to have all those fun glitches and quirks that the game has. 3.) The idea was mine and Sinead and I though it would be funny for the MC to meet the three in this in between world.

We'll try and keep it as realistic as possible, but is it based on the game worldâ€¦|. n.n; Hope you all like it.

_Icy _

End
file.